

## **Your Child, His Descendant**

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[Male Reader](#), [Grand Highblood](#), [Orphaner Dualscar](#), [Original Male](#)  
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# Your Child, His Descendant

by [09Pyros](#) [09Hydros](#)

## Summary

It's been a few years since you were let out of the white rooms, living free in your own little world with the few you called yours. It's not perfect per say but it's enough even with the terrible nightmares that usually plague your dreams if your not careful to consume your medicine. Of course you're one for solitude and all but since when was Earth invaded by aliens? Oh a few weeks ago? Okay, that's cool.

Wait, what's this purple caterpillar bug thing you found near the beach? Alien baby? Cool um, your a dad now. But what is with the adult aliens, especially the awesome clown looking ones? Why do they stare at your tattoos like that? Meh, who cares. Sane people probably would care but you weren't all that sane in the mental department.

Their home planet is dead and their population is both growing and dwindling, Her Condescension chooses Earth as their new rightful home and its inhabitants seem to be capable lusii despite their very weird culture. It's going to take a while but by the Condesce, humans would become proper lusii and care for their young.

It's either that or face the extinction of their entire race.  
(Your Sign, His Mark Rewrite)

## Notes

First of all: I AM SORRY FOR READERS OF YOUR SIGN HIS MARK BUT I AM REWRITING THE STORY INTO SOMETHING ELSE, i am really sorry :( . Thing is, I just *lost* this drive for it. I still like it and want to write it obviously but the original story was kinda... fucky and to be honest I had no idea what I was doing most of the time.

I AM NOT ABANDONING YSHM, I'm just, rewriting it and making it different. Very different, but **hopefully** better. I hope.

As you can see I have moved the entire setting back on Earth and, well, this is the prologue and it'll explain the entire thing for me. That and I was really inspired into writing this by TheLadySyko and her work of The New Alternian Empire but most Minnie and Crocodile dad. It's great really :D

But my version of it has humans raising troll grub babies and has a bit more of a darker undertone and obvious differences. For one you, *The Reader* ;}, are a male protagonist that is not sane in the slightest with a dark history and stuff like that, you will also be one of the humans to be raising a grub. Which grub? Well... :]

You still have the tattoos from Your Sign His Mark but different. Anyway, enough talk. Let's get to the story

- Inspired by [Minnie and Crocodile dad](#) by [TheLadySyk0](#)

## **Prologue - Alternia's Death, Earth's Doom**

Alternia is dead.

That is one undeniable fact to Her Imperious Condescension and it was one fact that she oh so wished was fiction but the proof of that fact floated in front of her fuchsia eyes just a perigee ago.

Their planet was a very dark grey, dark and dead and uninhabitable with the fact of their sun already burning away the rest of the planet. The moons were not left out either, the dark pink moon had crashed into the planet and the green one was beginning to follow its sibling's footsteps.

The inhabitants of the planet had barely survived, survivors were saved by the nearest of her army and they saved as much as they could, with most of the lowblooded soldiers dying in the process and forcing her numbers to dwindle even more after the war she had waged against a particularly strong race of aliens. The death of their planet had also took few highbloods in the process, a shaming fact but what else could one do against a dying planet along with a dying star?

They managed to save most of their populace's lusii and half of the juveniles and wigglers along with their most important living creatures, two Mothergrubs. The third one had died just as she was safe upon a giant ship, due to old age, but not before giving birth to hundreds of troll eggs that were just awaiting their hatching, her last brooding batch.

Every Jadeblood was on that ship with the remaining mothergrubs and the troll eggs, tending to them as their caste would but they could not stay there forever much less for the hundreds of eggs that were due to hatch any sweep now. The brooding caverns were gone, the natural environment of competition and survival and the choosening of lusii were all gone.

The young could not be raised by the elder trolls on the ships, there was simply no room for growth and it was already crowded enough with all the

lusii, soldiers, trolls and what rations they managed to get from Alternia and whatever other planet that had food compatible for their species.

The lusii were mostly calm under the effort of the more animal trained trolls, one such troll was doing a great service for her with his rare psychic ability of animal communion despite being a low bronzeblood. A rare and dangerous skill but thankfully he seems to be too concerned for the lusii, his troops and even shedding sympathy for the young juveniles that had lost their lusii to the burning and dying planet.

At any rate, they needed a new home for their simultaneously growing and dwindling population.

Somewhere that would be perfect for her subjects, somewhere more healthy than Alternia. To be honest, the planet was already dying even hundreds of sweeps ago but they made do and did for the best.

The Condesce searched tiredly through the information of various other planets that were either conquered, planning to be conquered or have yet to be conquered or were simply still being observed. Flicking through the screen from planet to another planet, skimming through their information as she looked.

She looks through hundreds of planets and so far *none* of them were suitable for her trolls, all of her trolls, she even wonders why she had conquered them in the first place before remembering that she had to show the universe that you do *not* under **any** circumstances, fuck with Her Imperial Condescension.

It was practical suicide if you thought or tried otherwise.

Anyway, some of these planets were adequate but she needed somewhere that was very similar to Alternia, or at least, Old Alternia when it was healthy and didn't have a dangerous scalding fucking star as a sun that could burn you. She remembers the old Alternia, waaay back when she was just a juvenile. It had been great to be honest, there were more plants, more lusii, the waters were a beautiful blue and the sun wasn't as aggravating or deadly as it was just perigees ago.

She paused as she looked over one particular planet, one that was covered in blue and mostly blue. Was it a purely aquatic planet? As much as she disliked the lowblooded landdwellers they were still her people and she needed cannon fodder and their numbers among her army, so that meant having actual land for them and not just water for her seadwellers.

But just as she was about to swipe past it, she skimmed through the information then paused to reread it again. And again.

Her pink lips pulled a wicked satisfied grin, "Gotcha..."

### ~~YCHD~~

You sniffed as you smudged the paint on your nose, it smears to the left and you can smell it. You're very glad that you got the good smelling paint last run, it was nice to inhale as you worked on your art.

You took a step back, minding to step a little to the left as you remembered the bucket of black paint that you put behind you. You would've gone right but the silver paint was right besides the black paint there so you took left and thankfully it is free from any bucket filled with colorful and fun liquid whatsoever and you avoided from crashing into it and wasting the perfectly goof bucket. Again.

You let out a deep yawn as you grinned crookedly at the painting, satisfied with the amount of progress you made over it. You nod in apparent satisfaction before putting down your paintbrush and maneuvering yourself from your work area, you really need to clean this up after the painting. Again, honestly you were never the cleanest person *especially* during an art session. *Both* kinds of sessions really.

Stretching you wonder if it was time to power down and pass out properly on your bed, it's been days since you last entered a sleeping cycle and had any of your friends slash caretakers found out they would be *very* cross with you. You're lucky they're all quite busy lately, gives you more time to finish your arts and do other inane things that you like to do, like swim in the beach nearby, make more **art** in the secret hideout nearby that's connected

to your home, hang and stretch on the roof and contemplate your possible death and life and the like.

You know, daily normal things.

It tends to be kind of boring sometimes but it's not going to last, in days time everyone will come back and visit you and they'll fuss over you like normal and things won't be so boring. ~~Or lonely~~

~~so lonely oh lonely mother father where are thee~~

You smile as you clean up a bit, you needed a clear path to carry the canvas anyway. You set aside the cans and brushes to one side and cover them with your colorful cloth to make sure they don't get any dust and dirt, the cloth used to be completely white but it got repeatedly stained with paint and the like. You loved it, it was so colorful and hey sometimes you arrange your art materials to look like your cloth was covering a speared or impaled body or something never mind the fact you had an actual one somewhere in the shed on complicated days, it used to scare your Patty whenever he came over and saw it on your floor and absolutely creeped out Billy-boy, which was always fun to do.

For fun and on a whim you also make it seem your 'body' has horns and nod in satisfaction at the horned body on your ground, you giggle childishly as you look on the ground. You painted a pentagram on the floor from the show, Supernatural, devil's trap if you recall you haven't been keeping track of the show for some time now. You gotta watch sometime again, they have the most marvelous ideas in lots of areas that interest you. Though you were going to have to repaint the floor again with the amount of paint splatter, puddles and footprints it was covered in.

You hum as you take the canvas into your hold and haul it towards the usual place where you put most of your paintings to dry, the painting isn't finish yet but you think you made enough progress so you can sleep for a couple of days before continuing and finishing it.

The painting was for your kind sir who was coming back sooner than the others and it was going to be his anniversary soon so you wanted to paint



something personal for him. Both of you share your appreciation for dark carnivals and clowns so that's what you painted, just for him.

It already looks great nearly finished but when it is it's going to be *perfect*, you weren't finished with some of the jesters in the painting and the sky needs more flair, also you gotta mute and shade some of the colors that pop out of the painting. All the little details and all, this was going to be your best normal(ish) art piece yet! Kind sir was going to love it.

You put the canvas at the very front of the other paintings, which reminded you to get them off their places and into wrapping. They were commissions from people on the internet and you had to wrap them up before sending them on their way, you'll put some of them aside for now but you leave the weird grotesque requested ones out, you like them and you'll let them stay a little longer before shipping them to their new owners.

Finally you let out a deep breath and let your hair down, untying it to its full length that was just below your shoulders. You should probably get that hair cut Patty and kind miss offered you, it was kind of a hassle controlling your hair and keeping it from affecting your paintings and art. The last time your hair smudged the painting you had to do an on-the-spot improve change to the painting since you didn't have enough time to make another one before the due date, which turned out great to your relief.

You carted your hands through your hair and grunted as it gets caught in some of the knots and paint, despite tying it, you *always* get paint on your hair at the end of a particular long art session from both sessions. Looks like a shower is headed your way before sleep but that was okay, you really needed it anyway you were covered in paint and the paint on your feet was feeling weird as it finally dried after stepping in the rust red paint puddle like minutes earlier after accidentally pouring it unto the floor, again reminding you that you have to repaint the pentagram after cleaning it on another day.

You yawn again as you put aside the finished paintings for later wrapping and shipping before heading upstairs with the 'hidden secret' staircase you have at the wall, it came with the building the secret staircase to the second floor. The elevator was busted and the staircase was hidden behind a fake

wall that was actually a door. Only you and your others know of it, and you aren't worried for thieves since no one comes this far out where the your building is and you took care of all the homeless people years ago, you got them to go somewhere else but kept the particularly *rude* and *nasty* ones on hand.

***Surprisingly enough the nasty and rude ones were one of your best work yet.***

Hehehe.

Yaaaaawwwwn.

**~~"Nononno PLEASE." Shhh~~  
~~screaming doesn't help your CONCENTRATION ~ so fun very fun~~**

You tiredly patted your pockets to find your pills, you were too tired to deal with visions right now. You take one as you entered the second floor and sigh as you entered the shower, you'd take a quick one so you could sleep faster. You'll take a nice long one after you wake up, after two days of straight up sleeping that is.

Your dead asleep the moment you jumped for your bed after a good quick shower.

...

...

...

After waking up a literal couple days later, you find your painting for your kind sir missing...

Oh and Earth was apparently invaded in the few days you were in a sleeping coma or something by actual aliens but who cares, *where the fuck was your painting?!*

~~~~YCHD~~~~

Humanity didn't really stand a chance against the Troll Empire, their ships took control of every nuclear plant and threatened the extinction of humanity when the humans thought of fighting back. The peaceful solution was to let the trolls take their place on Earth and... For humans to become lusii and raise their young under the watchful eye of the imperial drones and other elder trolls.

Many would try to rebel, especially after hearing how the trolls mercilessly killed the homeless, the weak and any human that tried to fight back but it was for that same reason did certain people not do anything.

By the time (Y/n) was awake, the trolls and drones were starting to give the wigglers to certain humans.

In a town that was miles away from (Y/n), one Patrick Anderson stared at a brown-colored alien baby with bull horns in his arms. Across him in another part of town, one William Wesley cursed as he held a brown-colored baby alien with horns that reminded him of a deer.

Miles away in a city, one Walter Requiem held an amusing staring match with a yellow-colored alien baby with curiously blue and red eyes. In another one Alexandria Jackdaw laughed as she cuddled with the jade one she got from the red robot thing with joy.

Outside (Y/n)'s building, two lowblooded and non-important soldiers hurried back as they desperately tried to keep up with the couple of two highblooded subjuglators who were fawning and chattering over a certain painting they pilfered from the curious building.

The ball rolls and starts in motion. Nothing will ever be the same for anyone ever again.

# Christmas Special - Part 1

## Chapter Summary

It's Christmas! Everyone has decided to celebrate at your place, the grubs have molted just in time for their first Christmas with you and the others! Oh and the adult trolls too, their first Christmas on Earth.

## Chapter Notes

ERR, WHALE FUCK.

Sorry for the long wait for another chapter but here it is! Albeit, a CHRISTMAS Chapter rather than a normal chapter. Sorry guys but its the holidays and there should be at least *one* story with a Christmas Special chapter! And since I needed to update this anyway I decided on Your Child His Descendant!

NOTE IMPORATANT: This happens like *waaay* into the future of this timeline but not really? This is after the grubs molt into little children trolls as per troll biology and after the adult trolls meet the Reader and the others. Eh it's a Christmas special, just enjoy it! ;]

WARNING: There will be references and implied bloody stuff, who doesn't want a bloody Christmas? And well, it's not all fluff and rainbows for this story; I tagged it accordingly. In the main story it's more subtle and less showey but there are parts and scenes where the Reader is shown their true dark colors and murderous tendencies. (Also HELLO! Murder alien clowns, thats still a thing because Homestuck) But that's part of the reason why we love the Reader and terrifying murder clowns right? ALSO, language because motherfucking clowns and reader. Anyway enough of this; I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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"HONK!"

You groan sleepily as your bed dips familiarly and you hear the sound of the honk. "HONK, honk, HONK, honk. HOOONK!" You have to stifle a laugh as Gamzee fails in his attempt to wake you via jumping on your prone form, he was still getting use to four limbs and standing it seems and has flopped tiredly against your other pillow. You have no regrets in teaching Gamzee honking as his first sound and word, it was too adorable.

You shift and turn to your other side, meeting your adopted alien son's bright smile.

"Morning Dad."

"Good morning Gam."

You yawn as you reach out for him, taking underneath the covers with you to his honking protest. "No! Dad, 'm hungry!" He honks at you as you sleepily get yourself comfortable again, and on cue his stomach rumbles and you sigh.

"Okay, okay. C'mon let's get up." You say as you toss the blanket off the bed and Gamzee wiggles out of your hold, he's energetic this morning as he jumps off the bed and starts to run around the room. Well he *had* just molted, like just a few days ago, so it was probably normal for troll kids to be energetic like this after their molt seeing as usually Gamzee was like you, lazy and stuff.

You scratch at your head, yawning up a storm as you let Gamzee drag you to the kitchen for breakfast. Coffee sounded great to you, and coffee you shall have you decreed as you began the normal morning routine ever since you adopted Gamzee as your kid. If a bit different with him now being more human-ish compared to his cute grubby days.

He sits on his pillow as you turn on the tv for him, finally staying in one place as you began to cook breakfast. Eggs, bacon, coffee and milk. Gamzee flips through the channel a bit before settling on the new animated japanese tv show that involved trolls both as actual characters and voice actors, trolls have pretty much fully integrated into certain places of Earth.

Japan was one of the places where they fully accepted trolls, and the most influential seeing as a ton of trolls got a kick out of Japan's stuff. Even her Imperial Condescension had to admit that some human stuff were too good to get rid of at the start of everything.

Of course since this was humanity we're talking about there *was* humans that still didn't accept the trolls, some countries even going as far as to ban trollkind but that didn't really matter since the trolls kind of just do their own thing and go there anyway.

"Dad, it's 'll up snowin' ag'n." Gamzee says in awe as he looks out the window, you grin at him as the coffee finally finishes.

"Course it is, it's December Gam. Where we are right now, we get tons of snow when it's December or cold enough. That reminds me, Christmas is right around the corner and we got shit to do lil' grub-pup." You say as you sit down beside him, putting the tray of breakfast on the table and taking Gamzee into your lap while ruffling his hair.

Gamzee pouts, "M not a grub no more Dad!" He grumbles much to your amusement.

"Nah, you're not. But you're still my kid and as my kid you're still a lil grub to me and even when you're an adult I'm still gonna say you're my kid. Can't change that kiddo." You tell him with a wide grin, settling between Gamzee's horns and nuzzling his head. "Now eat your breakfast, we're visiting Pat 'n the others today."

That got Gamzee going, beginning to devour his breakfast with fervor while you enjoyed your cup of coffee and occasionally stealing a strip of bacon from Gamzee's plate. Also as always, Gamzee never fails to remind you to take your pills.

Ah, such a helpful kid you got.

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You watched in amusement as Gamzee marvelled at the surrounding snow again, snow was one of the few white things you could tolerate and maybe

even enjoyed on a good day. But not for too long, you preferred being surrounded by color rather than white so you never stayed around a completely snow-covered place for long.

"Careful grub-pup, don't want you gettin' lost in the white now don't we? How are we gettin' to Pat n' Bill's place if ya got lost now huh?" You laugh as you pick him up, he was certainly heavier now but you could still carry him comfortably with how small and young he was.

"It's so white 'n cold Dad!" Giggled the young troll as you walked towards Pat and Bill's house, the road was too icy and snowy for your tastes so you went with walking instead, which was somewhat a good thing seeing as you spotted a few signs of homeless people around. Good, you thought the drones picked off every camp around your town and you would've had to drive to the city for them like usual but it was nice to know that there were still some of them around for easy picking.

"YO! my lITle hUMan bROtheR (Y/n)! hoW'S it hANGin'?" You blink and turn to see a good troll friend.

"Retaas, Ternal? I haven't seen you both since October, back from space?" You grinned as the two trolls came towards you, looking around at the snow with awe and confusion. "Welcome back, it's nice to see you guys again."

Retaas grinned sharply at you before blinking at the sight of Gamzee who was staring at both Retaas and Ternal with wide-starry eyes. Clowns, Gamzee's absolute favorite.

"woah motherfuCKER! SHIT dude, thAT MOTHERFUcking gamZEE?? LIL shit molted!" Ternal said with an excited grin that Retaas mirrored as they both leaned in closer.

You nodded, "Yep, surprised me when all of a sudden my little purple guy began makin' a fuckin' cacoon! You trolls are more insect based than I realized. Gamzee, these are the trolls I told you about; Retaas 'n Ternal. C'mon now, don't be shy, say hi you lil' goofball." You prompted as you leaned in a bit, Gamzee making an adorable honk.

"..Hi motherfuckers..."

You raised a brow, cursing already? Gamzee really does like clowns heh.

"wELl heLLo moTHerfUCker! SHit lIL' guy, YOu up 'N RemiND me oF A moTHerfuCKer bUT my tHInkpAN's stUCk oN It." Retaas laughed as she patted Gamzee's head, you chuckled at Gamzee's pout.

"Anyway, we were just headin' towards Pat and Bill's house. I'm sure they'd be happy to see you two again, their grubs molted too along with kind sir's and miss'."

"weLL shiT! EverYBody'S Grub BE molTIn' leFT n' riGHt noW. CourSE we'rE ComiNG wiTh Ya, waNNa seE Your MOiraiL n' hiS MateSPrit!" Retaas grinned as you begin to walk again.

As you walk Gamzee gradually opens up towards the two juggalos, asking questions and marvelling at their appearance. It's amusing and cute as Gamzee asks you for face paint like the other two who encourage him to it, as well as you.

You hum, "We'll see, you're a bit young for face paint also we gotta make sure to get the good stuff. None of the cheap ass fake 'n scratchy stuff." You grin as your son claps and cheers, "Calm down, it can be your Christmas present if you behave." Gamzee's grey eyes sparkle as he nods frantically.

"Yes Dad! 'M gonna be on m' best motherf'ckin' be-hav-or." His nose scrunches up adorably and you hug him tighter. So adorable.

"WHat's CHrisTMas?" Retaas interrupted with a confused frown making you blink, oh right they were aliens right?

"Oh yeah, you guys probably don't know what that is. It's a human celebratory event, I'll explain more when we get to Pat's 'kay? Just know it's a big deal and the reason why humans are decorating stuff right now." You motioned to your surroundings, letting them see that yes there were humans out of their shops and houses putting up lights and decorations. Though



they were looking at both Retaas and Ternal with wary eyes, still hesitant about the trolls and stuff, well adult highblooded trolls anyway.

They got used to the younger trolls and the lower blooded adult trolls that were there, like that rustblood over there in that shop. Who... visibly paled at the sight of Retaas and Ternal and ducked out of sight. Haha, that was kinda funny.

"YEah, wAS wonDERin' BOUt tHAt." Retaas grunted while scratching the base of her horns, Ternal nodding beside her.

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You arrive at Pat and Bill's house in record time, Gamzee jumps out of your hold to knock at the door. He doesn't just knock on the door, he bangs and honks at the door like usual.

"*Come on in Gamzee, (Y/n)!*" Comes the muffled reply through the door, you open it and let Gamzee go in first along with Retaas and Ternal.

"Hey Pat, Bill, look who's back from space!" You call out as you stop them and instruct them to take off their boots and coats, it was pretty warm in the house, much warmer to what you usually set back at home but it was comfy all the same. Gamzee wastes no time in punting his boots off his feet and making a beeline to find Tavros and Dammek.

"Hello Gamzee, Tavros and Dammek are in the kitchen with Bill. Who?" Pat asks as he comes from the living room to greet you only to pause and see the slightly hunched forms of Retaas and Ternal right beside you.

"Retaas and Ternal? Wow, welcome back." Pat greets after a moment of confusion and shock, a smile appears his face.

"paTTy-brO, MothERfuckIng aWEsome To seE You aGAIN!" Retaas cheered, taking Pat into her arms and giving him a hug. Pat frowns at the language.

Pat sighs and hugs back briefly before urging her to put him down, "It's nice to see you too Retaas, now put me down so I can greet Ternal." He says sternly, Retaas gives him a grin but puts him down and pushes him towards

Ternal. "Ternal, I'm glad to see you alright. Where's Wirus?" Yeah, you were wondering about that too. Normally the three of them were usually together unless something was happening, maybe Wirus was still in space? Doing whatever adult trolls did in space?

"fucker's GOT BUSIness in MOTHERFUcking briTAIN THIS motherfucker THINKS. visITING HIS motherfuCKING KISMesis." Ternal said with a crooked grin, you raised a brow. You didn't know Wirus had a kismesis, you voice this thought and was surprised to learn that Wirus had *just* gotten into a pitch relationship with a human male.

A British human male who Wirus met a few months ago, it was pitch at first sight Retaas said with a fake swoon. Good for him, and it was nice to hear that some humans and trolls were getting along and that some humans were actually going with the whole troll quadrant romance thing. It was a fascinating thing, having four types of romance, it was rising in popularity it seemed.

"That's nice for him, oh um. Both of you, can I ask you guys to keep swearing to a minimum please? I don't want the kids picking that stuff up so early." Pat asks with a frown, you blinked as you remembered that you had promised to do the same thing. To appease your 'moirail' as Retaas would've called it.

You think back to Gamzee's cursing a little while back and whistled a tune, welp that was a fast broken promise. Ah, it was practically in Gamzee's blood to curse. Most of the purple-blooded trolls you've met cursed, with 'motherfucker' being the most famous and said by the clowns, you've picked it up a few times too.

Just feels nice to say it.

"M gonna head inside and say hi to Bill and the kids." You say to Pat as he begins to explain to the two alien clowns about why he didn't want his children saying such words yet, he'll probably fail to explain it properly or the two will just forget it and curse anyway because they honestly do what they want most of the time.

You head towards the kitchen and grin at the sight of Bill wearing the apron you gave him last Christmas, it was totally frilly and more suited for housewives but you knew that Pat loved seeing Bill in that apron. You shudder to think about the things that apron has been used and or seen in its life with both Pat and Bill and immediately curb your thoughts and change them to the kids that were with Bill in the kitchen instead.

Tavros was hugging Gamzee and Gamzee looked like he was enjoying it, he always got along with Tavros the best. You wouldn't be surprised if the two would either become moirails or matesprits in the future. Dammek was standing beside Bill, watching as always.

"Where's my hug?" You demand as you stepped into the kitchen, looking directly at Tavros and Dammek.

The two had molted into fine young males just like Gamzee, both horns being just as ridiculous as they were when they were grubs with Tavros' bull-like horns and Dammek's antlers.

"C'mon you two, give your godfather (Y/n) his hug." You whined as Tavros giggles with Gamzee and gives you the hug you had asked. Dammek makes a face but gives you one regardless because you would've hugged him instead.

Bill rolls his eyes, "For the last time (Y/n) you aren't their godfather." You pout at him as Gamzee joins the hug too.

"Mean Bill, so mean." You mutter to yourself and the kids as Pat finally enters the room with Retaas and Ternal in tow. "Pat, I'm both Tavros' and Dammek's godfather right?" You asked with the most charming grin you can muster, Pat only chuckles and nods.

"Yes (Y/n), you're Tavros' and Dammek's godfather." You cheer and send Bill a smug look, Bill being the ass just rolls his eyes again and ignores you.

Some kismesis, you pout.

"Tavros, Dammek, this is Retaas and Ternal. I think Dammek should remembers you guys, he seems to remember a lot of stuff during his time as a grub." Pat says as both bronzeblooded children hide behind his legs, peeking at the two with wary, especially Dammek.

Gamzee urges both of them out, saying that the two were so cool and how he'd share his face paint with the both of them when you eventually buy him face paint.

Retaas and Ternal laugh and it's a nice day, being surrounded by people you were comfortable with and spending time with them.

Though quickly Retaas and Ternal notice Bill in his apron and making cookies which brought the subject of Christmas to the aliens. You have both Pat and Bill help you in explaining the concept of Christmas to the two as the kids play in the livingroom while waiting for the cookies to bake.

"SO let me GET THIS MOTHERfucking straiGHT. an old mothERFUCKER goes AROUND THE fucking eaRTH deliverin' BITCHIN preNtS in one MOTHERFucking night.... FUCKING miracles brother." Ternal deadpanned with a wide grin at the end, both Retaas and Ternal are then launched into a full blown discussion about Santa Claus and miracles and they sound like they really like the idea of Christmas.

Seeing them like that, you managed to tell Pat and Bill to tell both Retaas and Ternal about Santa's lack of existence later on. Because they seemed to be having a lot of fun, and then again who were you to say that the old man didn't exist? You thought aliens didn't exist but look at you now! Happy Dad with an adopted alien troll kid as a son.

"Kind miss and sir are coming right? With Kanaya and Sollux?" You ask Pat and Bill, watching the kids play with Retaas and Ternal. Dammek and Tavros finally opening up to the two though Dammek still sent them wary looks of suspicion, oh so paranoid and protective; he was growing to be a good brother for Tavros who seemed a bit too trusting.

Pat nods with a smile, "Yes, they should be here any moment now. Then we can discuss incoming Christmas, you see we were planning on celebrating

at your place since it's more than big enough for all of us, and yes I mean to invite Retaas and Ternal to the celebration too. Seems like a shame not to invite them at this point." Pat says at your pointed look at the trolls, you nod happily. Good, Christmas will be more interesting this year with the trolls.

That and it would be Gamzee's first ever Christmas with you, one whole year with you. Wow. Also that and it would be the troll's first Christmas ever.

You were determined to make it the best goddamn Christmas yet!

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"(Y/n) my baby how are you!?" Kind miss squealed as she came into the room, instantly taking you into her arms. You smelled her perfume as you hugged back, she smelled nice, didn't kill anyone on the way here though since the perfume didn't have anything underneath it but that was good. You think, she has been hurting way less people ever since she got Kanaya.

Speaking of her...

"Lookie! Kanaya darling come here and say hi to your uncle (Y/n), you remember him right?" Kind miss asked happily as a small figure peeked from behind her dress skirt, fashionable as always kind miss. You look at the small female troll and give her a small smile, so cute, like your Gamzee.

Kanaya gives a shy smile and wave, "Hi..." Wow her voice sounded nice, she's going to grow up singing you just know it with kind miss.

You crouch down and smile wider at her, "Hello Kanaya, my, you've grown a lot bigger the last time I saw you. You've molted into a pretty young troll, I'm sure you're going to grow up prettier and prettier like your mom!" You say and she blushes green and shyly says her thanks, both you and kind miss chuckle. Oh she was so precious.

Kind miss crouched and gave Kanaya a kiss on the cheek, "Go on honey, play with the others while mommy talks with your uncles okay? You can show off your pretty dress that you helped me make for you! (Y/n), my

daughter is going to be a great fashionista I swear! Just look at the dresses she helped me fix and make." You look at her and Kanya again and wow, yeah, you stand corrected, Kanaya is going to be a great clothes designer in her future.

"Wow, that's amazing. Look at you Kanaya, doing something so talented so young, man you are going to be awesome in the future." Kanaya's cheek flush a brighter green to the point her Jadeblood was more noticeable but she seems more confident now, good, use that confidence in the future Kanaya, it will do you very well.

After that Kanaya goes to join the kids in the living room, while kind miss stayed behind to hug you again. You missed her.

"Kind miss, Retaas and Ternal are back from space. They should be in the kitchen now." With Bill, clamoring him for more sugar cookies. You gotta admit, you never suspected Bill to be the practical housewife being able to bake and cook like he does but he's just full of surprises. And no doubt he would've smacked your head for thinking he was a housewife.

Kind miss grinned, "Really now? That's good, I wanted to ask Retaas something the moment Kanaya molted." She says before heading towards the kitchen, you hum and wonder what she wants to ask but shrug, kind miss will tell you if you ask her later.

You instead watch the kids as they interacted, they seemed to be all getting along.

"(Y/n)."

You blinked before grinning widely and turned on the spot to see kind sir at the doorway.

"Kind sir~" You cheered as you hugged him, he rolls his eyes at your nickname for him but chuckles as you cling to him.

He ruffles your hair before tugging you off of him, "That's enough hugs (Y/n). Sollux, this is (Y/n), your uncle." Kind sir says behind him and you

blinked as you look down to see lil Sollux all molted just like the rest of the grubs. Still got those bi-colored eyes, neat.

"... Hi." Sollux says plainly though you can see him fidgeting a bit.

You grin and crouch to his size, "Nice to see you again Sollux, you've grown too. Everyone's growin' up it's kinda unbelievable really. Little alien grubs growing up so fast..." You wipe the imaginary tear from your eye. "Now let's see. You still as smart as you were as a grub lil dude? You been making it hard for kind sir with all your clever tactics to get kind sir's glasses like before?"

Lil grub Sollux had this weird fascination with kind sir's glasses and used all kinds of clever tricks to get them.

Sollux's cheeks tinted yellow and to your amazement he gets a familiar pair of glasses out of his pocket making kind sir pat his own pockets.

"Oh." Is all you say as kind sir sighs but accepts the offered pair of lenses from his adopted son.

"Sollux really now... Look, if you behave this Christmas I'll get you your own pair of glasses alright? You can even choose what you want." Kind sir says with a small smile as Sollux practically beams up to him with a wide smile, frantically he nods.

"Yeth Dad!" Oh so cute he's got a lisp!

"Now run along now and play with the other children, they're old friends that you may remember a little bit. Go on now, if you need anything just come and find me." Sollux nods and joins the kids, they welcome him into whatever game they're currently playing. It looks interesting enough, Gamzee's on the couch with Kanaya and the both of them seem to be doing something as Dammek and Tavros stay on the carpeted ground.

You turn to kind sir again, giving him a lazy grin as he unfolds his glasses and wears them.

"Retaas and Ternal are in the kitchen with kind miss and Bill if you wanna talk to them, Pat's in the bathroom for now though. What's this about using my place to celebrate Christmas?" You asked curiously, motioning for him to sit beside you in the dining room table.

Kind sir takes a seat.

You're listening.

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It's only a couple of days till Christmas, plans have been made and things have been hectic as people moved day to day with Christmas in their thoughts.

Kind sir and miss are staying at your place until New Year, then they'll head back with Kanaya and Sollux.

You wonder when they'll finally buy a place in town or somewhere nearby so they wouldn't have to leave, next year maybe since it's not going to be easy going over place to place like usual for them with Kanaya and Sollux as their charges. It was relatively easier when they were grubs they told you but now that they've molted it's more likely they were finally going to find a more permanent place of stay rather than usually staying in apartments for long months on the job.

And that would mean finding more permanent work, which hasn't happened since their jobs as your caretakers from back in the asylum years ago. That was fine, as long as they get to stay around longer and you'd get to see them more often and for Kanaya and Sollux to grow up with Gamzee and the others.

You were down for that.

Anyway, that aside it's more lively in your house with kind sir and miss and their kids. Pat and Bill often visit as well as Retaas and Ternal who were both very excited for the incoming Christmas party you were hosting. Sollux and Kanaya were great to have around with Gamzee, Dammek and



Tavros, they've made their own little group and it's cute seeing them like that.

On the occasions where you all go to the park, there were some incidents that involved people who weren't so approving of troll children but you handled it well. The couple that were so rude were on your list instead of two random homeless people now, they'd make great *pieces* for later after Christmas.

You're glad that Pat, Bill, Retaas and Ternal were good babysitters. Well, Pat and Bill were, Retaas and Ternal were learning; they told you that they were the most chill with lowbloods among the group of other highbloods they knew about. They actually liked the kids and wigglers despite their low blooded hues whatever that meant, which you assumed was good because if they weren't okay...

Insanely strong alien clown trolls or not, you would've hated getting rid of them; even though their purple blood colors utterly fascinated you. You haven't used a troll for a piece yet, taking care of Gamzee already had you doing less pieces than usual but you hope to change that in the near future when Gamzee's older because you just know Gamzee would love doing what you're doing. You have a feeling he would, anyway.

Sometimes you wonder if Kanaya and Sollux would follow kind sir and miss, or that kind sir and miss would involve them in stuff like that, ah who knows they were just kids as of now and they had plenty of time to find out.

## Chapter End Notes

Yep, this is a two parter. Sorry, for that and the fact it's a little late. I just needed to update this story today, the second part I'll update it hopefully either before or shortly after New Year. Sorry guys, but I hope you enjoyed.

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